

# SPAWN



122



DIGITAL  
EDITION

SPAWN.COM



TODD McFARLANE AND  
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

# salvation road - part II

DEDICATED TO  
NELLY FURTADO

**PLOT**  
TODD McFARLANE  
BRIAN HOLGUIN

**STORY**  
BRIAN HOLGUIN

**PENCILS**  
ANGEL MEDINA

**INKS**  
DANNY MIKI  
VICTOR OLAZABA  
ALLEN MARTINEZ  
CRIME LAB STUDIOS

**LETTERING**  
TOM ORZECOWSKI

**COLOR**  
DAN KEMP  
BRIAN HABERLIN

**COVER**  
GREG CAPULLO

PRESIDENT OF  
ENTERTAINMENT  
TERRY FITZGERALD

ART DIRECTOR  
BEN TIMMRECK

GRAPHIC DESIGNER  
GENTRY SMITH

MANAGING EDITOR  
BRAD GOULD

PUBLISHER FOR  
IMAGE COMICS  
JIM VALENTINO

SPAWN CREATED BY  
TODD McFARLANE

## SPAWN 121 SUMMARY

Lacking both fingerprints and a shadow, a confused Al Simmons resorts to his natural instincts when he suddenly finds himself standing in the middle of a New York City street. As two policemen approach him, he violently lashes out at them, an act that lands him in a jail cell next to a violent killer that confesses his crimes to Al alone. As Al is taken from his cell to speak with a Public Defender, a shadow lurks in the darkness that surrounds the cell occupied by Al's self-confessed, murderous neighbor; it's Al's missing shadow, which has taken on a life of its own as Spawn! And while Al may not know who or where he is, he does remember one thing: Wanda.



**TODD McFARLANE**  
PRODUCTIONS  
**SPAWN.COM**



SPAWN #122. Digital Edition. Published by IMAGE COMICS 1071 N. Batavia St., Suite A, Orange, CA 92667. Spawn, its logo and its symbol are registered trademarks © 2003 Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc. All other related characters are TM and © 2003 Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc. All rights reserved. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Todd McFarlane.





I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHY WOULD SOMEONE DO THIS?



WE'RE TRYING TO FIGURE THAT OUT, MA'AM. I KNOW THIS IS VERY UPSETTING FOR YOU. PLEASE, ACCEPT OUR SYMPATHIES.

WE WOULD LIKE TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS, MA'AM. IF YOU'RE UP TO IT, OF COURSE.



CAN YOU THINK OF A REASON SOMEONE WOULD WANT TO BREAK INTO YOUR LATE HUSBAND'S GRAVE?


WAS THERE ANYTHING OF VALUE BURIED WITH HIM? JEWELRY? PRIVATE PAPERS? ANYTHING AT ALL?

WHAT? NO. I MEAN... NOTHING I CAN...










THIS MUCH I KNOW: HE  
APPEARED A COUPLE NIGHTS  
AGO. COLD. LOST. TERRIFIED.

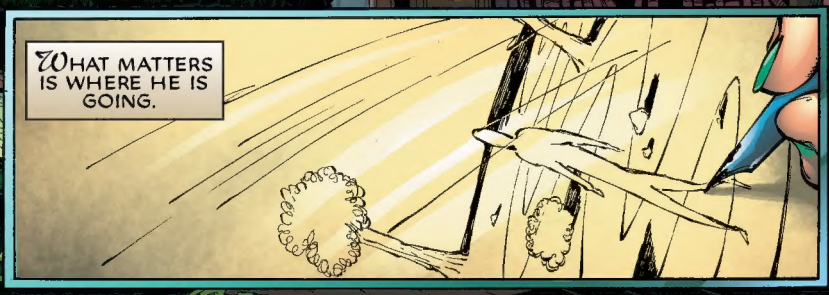
THERE IS SOMETHING  
**HUNTING** HIM. AND IT WILL  
FIND HIM, SOON ENOUGH.

NO MAN  
CAN RUN  
FROM HIS  
SHADOW.




WHO HE IS,  
WHERE HE  
CAME FROM,  
THESE THINGS  
HAVE NOT BEEN  
REVEALED TO  
ME. WHEN THE  
TIME COMES, IF  
NECESSARY, I  
WILL CONSULT  
MY SISTERS.

BUT THE  
TRUTH IS, IT  
SCARCELY  
MATTERS  
WHERE HE  
CAME FROM.



WHAT MATTERS  
IS WHERE HE IS  
GOING.





IT'S A TALE AS OLD AS ANY. THE LOST PILGRIM, STUMBLING THROUGH THE DARKNESS, BESET BY DANGER ON ALL SIDES.

HE WALKS THE SALVATION ROAD, THE CUTTING EDGE OF TIME AND EXPERIENCE. THE BORDERLINE THAT RUNS BETWEEN WHAT HE WAS AND WHAT HE WILL BECOME.

HE IS AN INFANT, REBORN IN SOME WAY OR ANOTHER. EVERYTHING IS NEW TO HIM. THESE FIRST, DELICATE STEPS WILL BE DIFFICULT.

ANY MISSTEP WILL COST HIM DEARLY.

THERE IS GREAT MAGIC AT WORK HERE. I CAN FEEL IT. IT'S IN THE AIR, SKIMMING THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE LIKE RADIO WAVES.

POWERFUL FORCES ARE CHOOSING SIDES. HE IS THE STILL AND QUIET CENTER AROUND WHICH A TERRIBLE STORM IS GATHERING.

AND HE HAS NO IDEA IT'S COMING...



I CAN'T  
REMEMBER A  
THING. WHO  
I AM. WHERE  
I WAS BORN.  
I'M NOT EVEN  
SURE OF MY  
NAME.

EVERYTHING...  
THE SMELL  
OF GRASS...  
THE SOUND  
OF BIRDS...  
THE AIR IN  
MY LUNGS...

THE SUNLIGHT  
ON THE DUST  
FLOATING IN  
FRONT OF MY  
EYES...

IT'S ALL SO  
GOD DAMN  
BEAUTIFUL.

I BELIEVE  
I AM THE  
HAPPIEST  
MAN IN THE  
WORLD.

MAYBE I  
SHOULD BE  
WORRIED.  
BUT HOW  
CAN I BE?

IT'S SUCH A  
PERFECT DAY.







--I JUST CAME FROM THERE. THEY DON'T HAVE HIM. ARE YOU TELLING ME YOU **LOST** HIM?

NO. I'M SAYING HE'S NOT **HERE**. HE WAS TRANSFERRED. WE HAD A LITTLE INCIDENT. A FELLA **SKINNED** ALIVE?

MAYBE YOU HEARD ABOUT IT? IT'S BEEN ALL OVER THE NEWS, TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY.



SO I'VE GOT A LITTLE MORE ON MY PLATE THAN SOME JOHN DOE--

YOU'RE SAYING YOU **LOST** HIM.

THE SUSPECT WAS TRANSFERRED UPTOWN. WE NEEDED THE CAGES CLEAR SO WE COULD LAUNCH OUR INVESTIGATION. HE WAS SIGNED OUT.

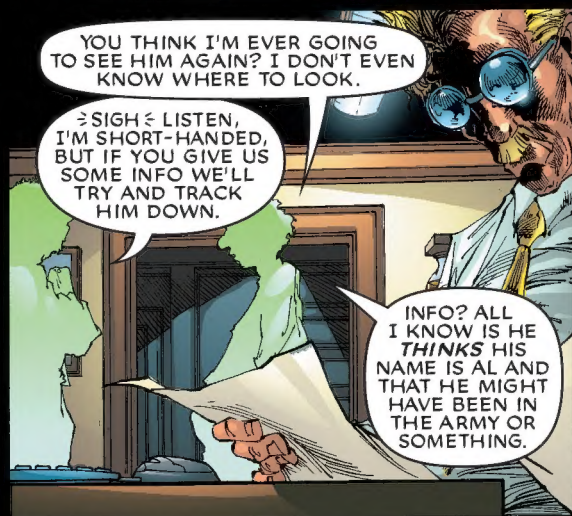


WELL, HE WAS NEVER SIGNED BACK IN. JESUS! AND THE P.D.'S OFFICE GETS ACCUSED OF TURNING CRIMINALS LOOSE ON THE STREET.

EASY NOW.

THIS GUY'S GOT PROBLEMS. I WAS TRYING TO GET HIM SOME HELP.

WELL, IF YOU DO FIND HIM, LET ME KNOW. SON OF A BITCH HIT A COP. WE'RE NOT THROUGH WITH HIM.



YOU THINK I'M EVER GOING TO SEE HIM AGAIN? I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO LOOK.

≥ SIGH ≤ LISTEN, I'M SHORT-HANDED, BUT IF YOU GIVE US SOME INFO WE'LL TRY AND TRACK HIM DOWN.

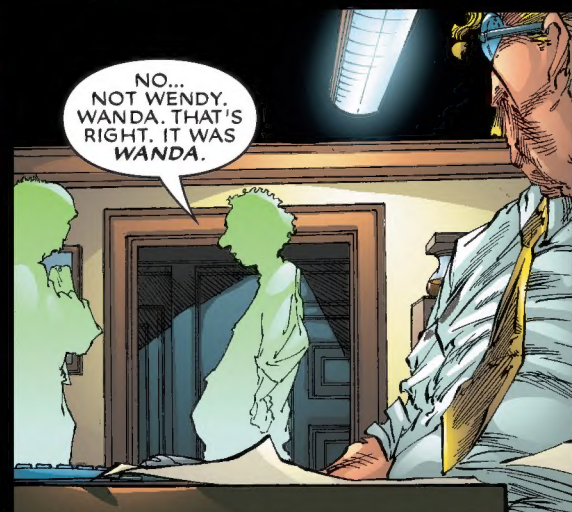
INFO? ALL I KNOW IS HE **THINKS** HIS NAME IS AL AND THAT HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN IN THE ARMY OR SOMETHING.



NOT A LOT TO GO ON.

NOPE.

OH, WAIT. THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE. HE HAD A GIRLFRIEND. OR A **WIFE**. OR SOMEONE. WENDY I THINK...



NO... NOT WENDY. WANDA. THAT'S RIGHT. IT WAS **WANDA**.



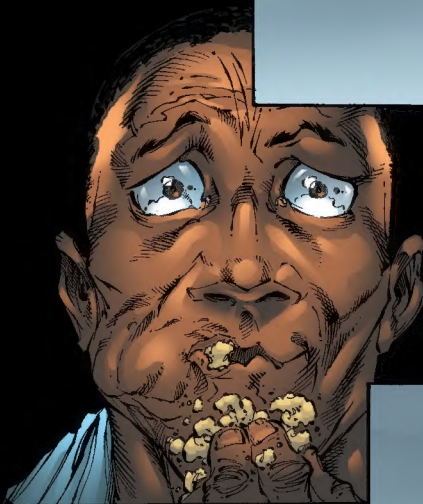


A HALF-EMPTY  
BAG OF POPCORN.  
GOD KNOWS HOW  
LONG IT'S BEEN  
SITTING THERE.

I DIDN'T REALIZE  
HOW *HUNGRY* I WAS  
TILL JUST NOW.



IT'S OLD AND  
STALE AND  
SMELLS OF  
CHEMICALS.



IT'S SO *DELICIOUS*  
I COULD CRY.

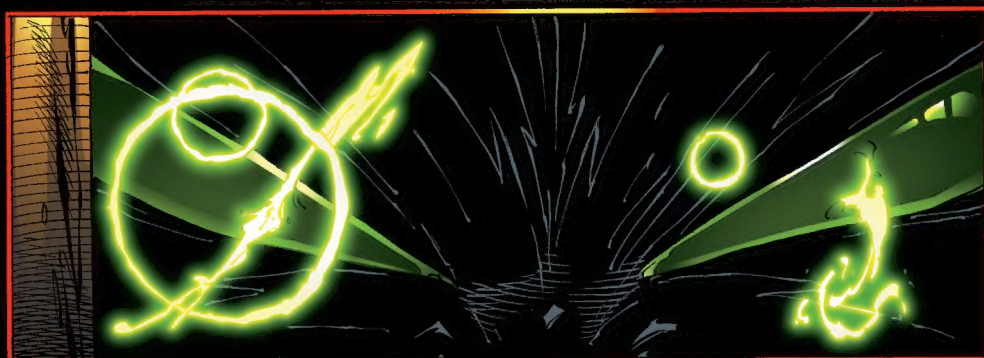


LOOK AT THEM. THOSE LITTLE  
KIDS. SO INNOCENT. SO  
CAREFREE. THEY DON'T KNOW  
HOW GOOD THEY HAVE IT.

How  
LUCKY  
THEY  
ARE.

How LUCKY  
WE ALL ARE.







HE'S STILL  
OUT THERE...  
STUMBLING  
AROUND IN  
THE DARK.

IN MANY  
WAYS, OUR  
SHADOW  
DEFINES US.  
IT IS AS MUCH  
A PART OF US  
AS OUR LIMBS,  
OUR MINDS,  
OUR HEARTS.

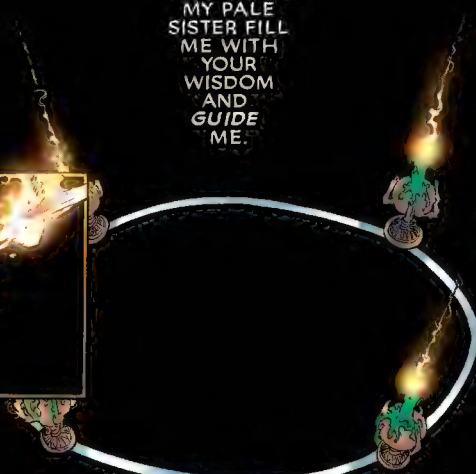
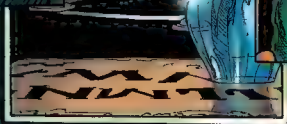
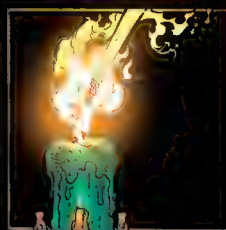
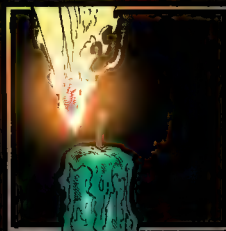
IT IS OUR  
DARK SIDE.  
OUR  
AGGRESSIVE  
NATURE.  
VIOLENCE.  
SEXUAL  
HUNGER.  
BUT IT IS  
MORE THAN  
THAT. IT IS  
INTUITIVE.  
IT IS  
CREATIVE  
AND  
PROTECTIVE.

WITHOUT  
IT, A MAN IS  
INCOMPLETE.  
UNFINISHED.  
HE MIGHT  
AS WELL BE  
WITHOUT A  
SOUL.


A MAN WHO HAS  
LOST HIS SHADOW  
CAN BE A TERRIBLY  
DANGEROUS THING.

I CALL TO THE  
FOUR CORNERS.  
TO THE EAST.  
TO THE SOUTH.  
TO THE WEST.  
TO THE NORTH.

I CALL TO THE  
MOON,  
MY PALE  
SISTER FILL  
ME WITH  
YOUR  
WISDOM  
AND  
GUIDE  
ME.





A woman with long, flowing hair, wearing a yellow and purple robe, is meditating in a lotus position. She is surrounded by a circular path of eight moons, each in a different phase. Two large, glowing green wings are positioned behind her. The background is dark, and the overall scene is framed by a large, stylized face at the top.

THE PATH OF THE MOON, FROM  
DARKNESS INTO LIGHT AND INTO  
DARKNESS AGAIN, REPRESENTS  
THE PATH OF MAN'S SOUL ON  
THE KARMIC WHEEL.

LIFE. DEATH.  
REBIRTH. THE  
ETERNAL CIRCLE.

THE FOOL RISES BY FORTUNE'S HAND UNTIL HE BECOMES A KING...

BUT AS SOON AS HE CLAIMS HIS THRONE, HE IS DOOMED... HE FALLS, CAST DOWN FROM A GREAT HEIGHT... REBORN INTO DARKNESS TO BEGIN AGAIN AS...



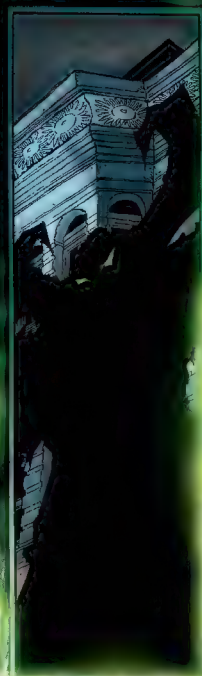
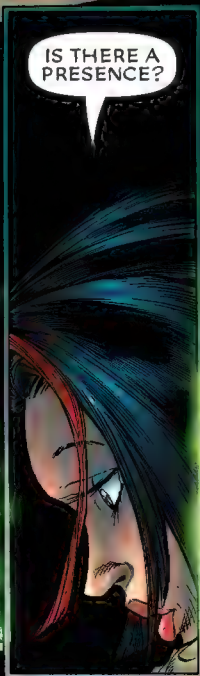
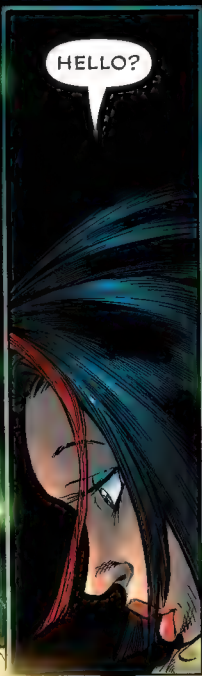
IF YOU'RE  
OUT THERE, I'M  
LISTENING.

IS THERE  
SOMEONE  
THERE?

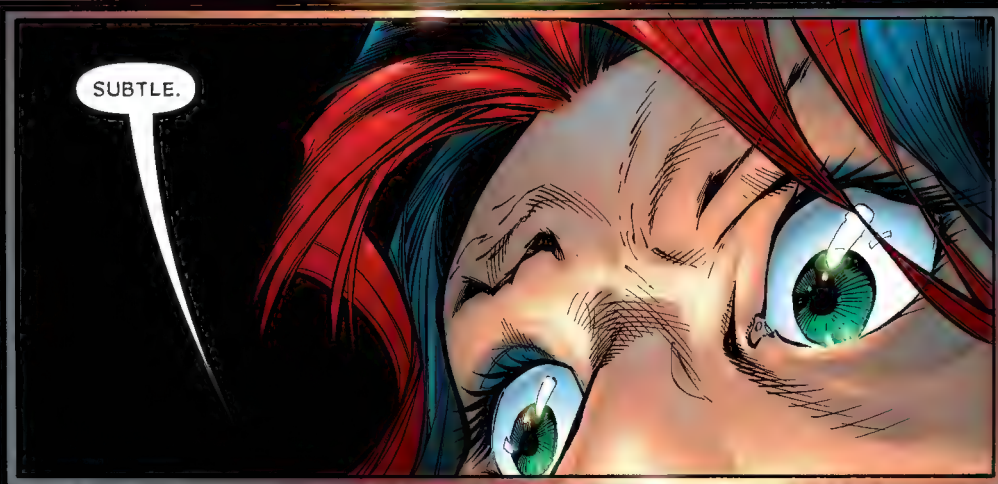
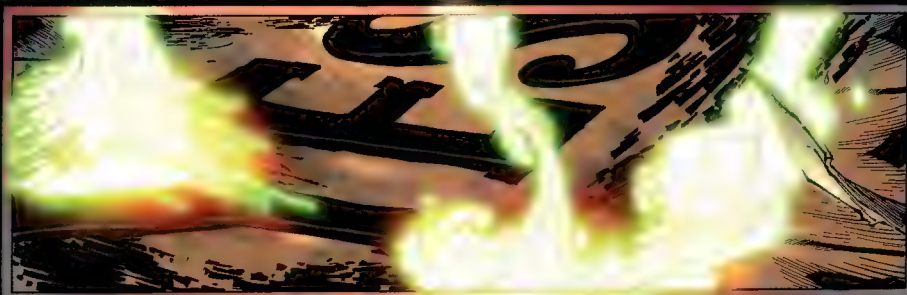
IS THERE A  
PRESENCE?

HELLO?

OH...!









NIGHTTIME.  
I DON'T LIKE  
DARK.

SOMETHING  
TELLS ME I  
SPENT TOO  
MUCH OF MY  
LIFE IN THE  
SHADOWS.

WHERE AM I?  
WHY DID I  
COME HERE?

SOMETHING  
DREW ME.  
SOME FAINT  
GHOST OF  
MEMORY.

THIS  
PLACE...  
IT  
SMELLS  
LIKE  
DEATH.

I THINK  
THIS  
USED TO  
BE MY  
HOME.

HEY!  
LOOK  
WHO'S  
BACK!

HEY,  
AL. LONG  
TIME NO  
SEE.

YEAH.  
WHERE  
YOU BEEN,  
BUDDY?



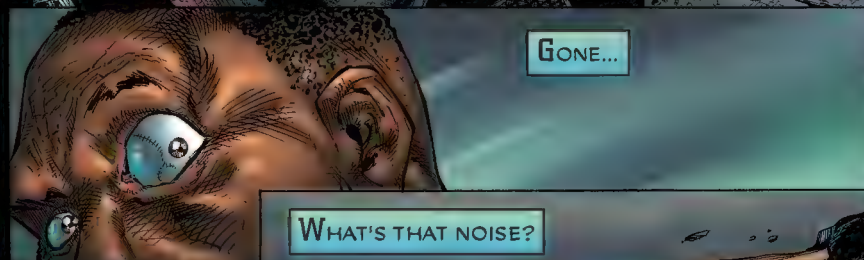


WHY'D YOU  
DO IT, AL?  
WHY'D YOU GO'N  
LEAVE US?

WHO ARE  
YOU? DO  
YOU KNOW  
ME?



DO  
YOU  
KNOW  
WHO I  
AM?



GONE...

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

LIKE CHAINS...SCRAPING  
AGAINST STONE...

THE DRUMMING  
OF A HEARTBEAT.



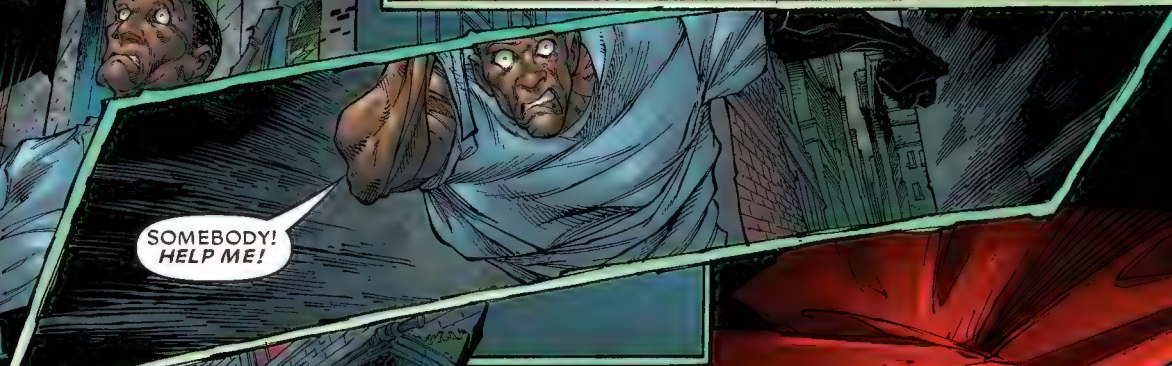
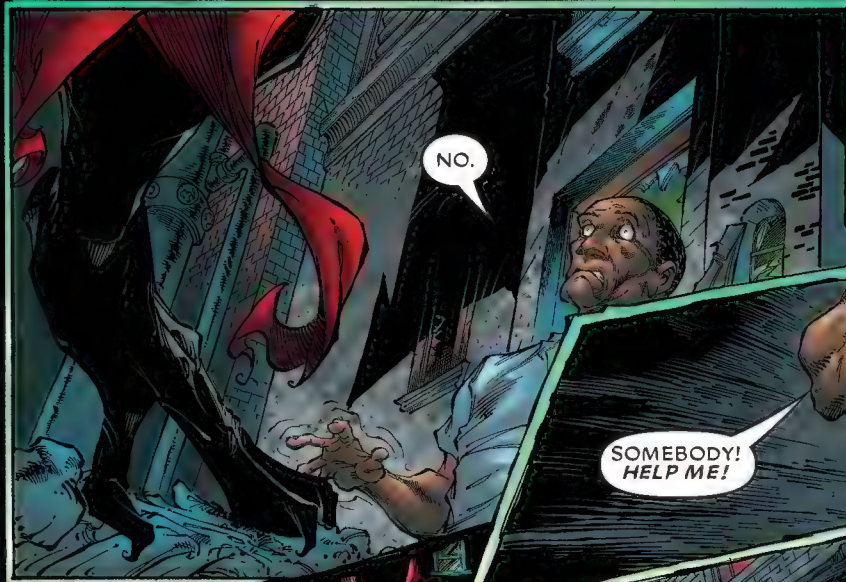


I THINK  
IT'S MINE.

I'VE BEEN  
WAITING  
FOR YOU.











HUHN...  
HUHN...

HI.  
MY NAME  
IS NYX.  
I'M HERE  
TO HELP  
YOU.





THIS IS ALL GOING ON ABOVE MY PAY GRADE. I KNOW THAT. AND I KNOW I'M THE ONE WHO WANTED OUT OF THE CLOAK AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT.

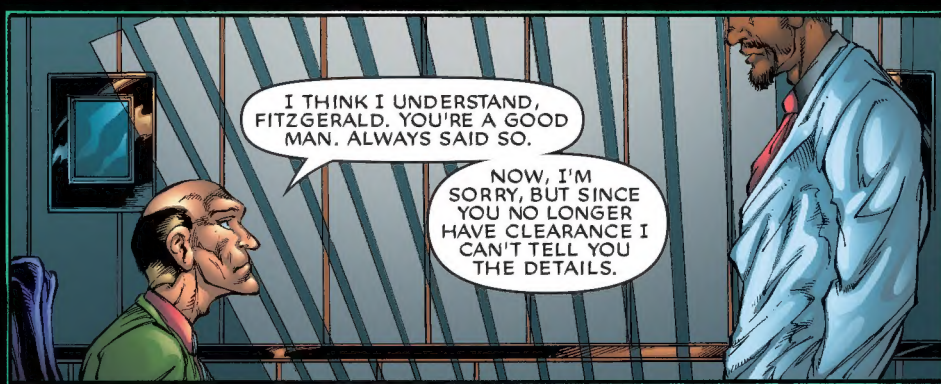
DON'T GET ME WRONG. I'M HAPPY WORKING ON THE PUBLIC SIDE OF OPERATIONS. BUT...



SEE, THING IS, THIS IS MY **BEST FRIEND** WE'RE TALKING ABOUT. MY WIFE'S FIRST HUSBAND.

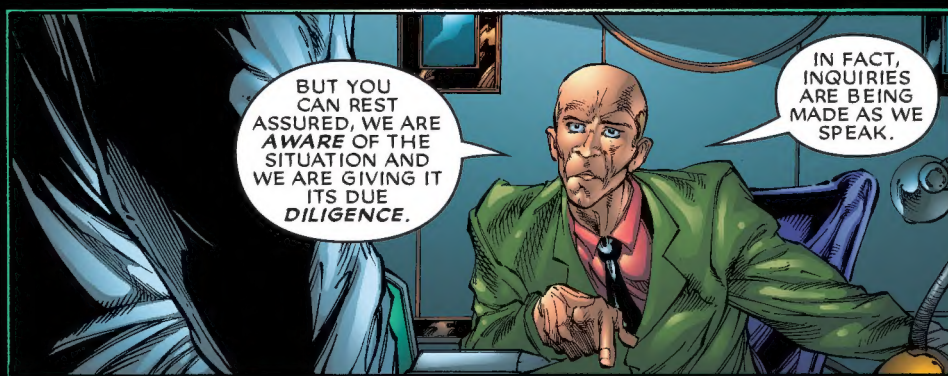
AND I KNOW **SOMETHING'S** GOING ON. THIS WASN'T KIDS PLAYING A PRANK. SOMEONE WAS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING.

I'M NOT SAYING I NEED TO KNOW EVERYTHING, BUT SIR I WAS HOPING...



I THINK I UNDERSTAND, FITZGERALD. YOU'RE A GOOD MAN. ALWAYS SAID SO.

NOW, I'M SORRY, BUT SINCE YOU NO LONGER HAVE CLEARANCE I CAN'T TELL YOU THE DETAILS.



BUT YOU CAN REST ASSURED, WE ARE **AWARE** OF THE SITUATION AND WE ARE GIVING IT ITS DUE **DILIGENCE**.

IN FACT, INQUIRIES ARE BEING MADE AS WE SPEAK.



SO WHAT YOU  
THINK THEY WANT  
WITH HIM?

I DUNNO.  
DUDE USED  
TO BE TOP  
DOG AROUND  
HERE, BELIEVE  
IT OR NOT.  
PROBABLY WANT  
TO PICK HIS  
BRAIN ABOUT  
SOME-  
THING.

RIGHT.  
WHAT'S  
LEFT OF  
IT...

MR.  
WYNN,  
COME WITH  
US PLEASE.  
THE BOYS  
UPSTAIRS  
WOULD LIKE  
TO HAVE A  
CHAT WITH  
YOU.

SIMMONSSS...







Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE